



ANTHOL



2021

Ingrid

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ANTHOL 2

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Anthol has been conceived as a bi-annual publication providing an outlet for young Montreal artists. The editors wish, as well, to help foster a poetic community here in Montreal, and urge anyone with similar interests to contact them at the address below. We have in mind the engendering of poetry readings, critical sessions, etc. Further, we are now accepting manuscripts for the Fall edition of Anthol 73. Please direct all correspondence to:

Anthol,
71 Pardo Ave., # 208,
Pointe Claire, Quebec.

Note: If you wish your manuscripts returned, please include a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Would you like to own

a 5-horsepower merry-go-round?

Too slow to fling you into the sky

Too fast to watch the leaves move

with just one horse

for you

PASTORALE

The head of the wolf looms black
behind the oak tree,
the antelope slowly tosses its horns.
Gaunt eyes transfix the crow,
the serpent thrashes on the forest floor,
the leaves spring back
so gingerly.
The grey fox kneels to devour its prey,
the rodent's lips relax
as its last blood bathes the tendril.
The wild duck shoots away from the sun
your body is with me always.

Morning, evening,
the end will be the breath held,
the breath burst softly.

CONCERNING

Your eyes.
Your eyes of Lake Ontario
your eyes of cold glass laughter.
Your eyes of leopard in goldfish bowl,
of scabbard of tree,
your eyes of insane comet.
Your eyes of throne of Isis,
of crisis,
your eyes of wind and musk.
Your eyes of golden cloud,
of bleeding cow,
of then, of now.

My eyes.
My eyes of bondage.
My eyes of trembling hand outstretched.
My eyes of unknown rules broken.
My eyes of method rejected methodically,
of dog aspiring to cathood,
my eyes of slashed fingertips.
My eyes of drawing water from a well,
my eyes of stumbling.
My eyes of hollow log in spring,
my eyes of Christ.

My eyes of suspicion,
my eyes of hope,
my eyes of tongue searching,
of stranded whale,
of doom gone stale,
of pith, of mail.

Our eyes both closed and staring.

Angid



DIRGE FOR A SORE SPOT

so you'll go fishing
thinking yourself the bait

I thought she'd like to have me
the churches steeple projected
into a cockroach coloured sky
like the colour of the Buddha's head
is often invisible when the eyes
aren't there

play little philosopher play

I used to have nightmare they're hacking me
to pieces nothing I could say would make them
care
so I ran and left the portions they had taken
there

EASTERN TRIP WESTERN LIGHT

see, over there
behind the commemorative to Sibelius
that basalt coloured structure
he's in there;
inside that a man receives
nourishment through a mailbox opening
and has been given secret instructions
on just how to bring life to his
appropriate support,
he must return her to this world
or go mad

in time they will crack his black-seed-pod
container
and release him to educate

PLAYBOY RAG

I dream of tall women
with low slung breasts
my consciousness breaking out
all over them
like mums

their thighs the colour
of sand
sand that I played in
as a child
by the water that was cold
but fed by underground
mountain streams
which made the cold
significant

if we must worship
these women
let us do it with the
catalysts of our histories
let us see them
for what they really are -
ourselves

STAN HAGER

CATULLUS 64

lines 303 - 323

On white couches the gods stretched themselves then,
abundantly the tables were heaped with food,
as bent and trembling the Parcae
began to sing their oracles. White
robes draped their aged bodies
and fell about their ankles with purple hem
and their snowy heads wore scarlet ribbons
and once again their fingers taking up
eternal labour:
in the left hand held the distaff wound with wool
as the right lightly drew out and shaped
the thick thread,
then downward the thumb pulled and turned
the spindle
which smoothly spun, keeping poise;
the straggling ends they bit off with their teeth
and the bitten wool stuck to their lips -
into baskets at their feet dropped the soft yarn.
They spun and with clear slow voice poured out
eternal songs:

CATULLUS 6

No delicate fawn you've got there, Flavius,
Or you wouldn't keep so mum about her;
She's a hot little thing you've picked, isn't she?

But confess it or not, it doesn't matter;
Your bed blares the news:

What, with soiled sheets, and pillows worn down,
The bed-covers knocked about,
And the creaking posters about to collapse,
 And you sagging at the knees
Ready to fall over,
Why hide it?

 Tell your Catullus all,
Good or bad, and with my verse
I'll win you heaven's blessing.

CATULLUS 13

What a meal you'll have at my place,
Fabullus! Soon I hope, if the gods are willing
And you bring the food; not forgetting
To bring a girl as well, and wit and wine
And a few good stories. A good big meal
If, alas, Catullus' pockets are full of cobwebs.
But in return, there's a fragrance here
I want you to meet: a sweet, unmixed scent:
The very essence of love, sent to me straight
From Venus; and when you smell her
You'll beg the gods to make you, Fabullus,
All nose.

MICHAEL HARRIS

It is done. It is done: I have called my friends.
We will come. We will come as harlequins, and dance.
We will bring our women with us to drink your drink
and devour your pretty foods. Or: or we will
not bring our women. We are the same without them.
This is the beginning of that touch of doubt
we have agreed to foster in you all our lives.
If we drop dead before you decay, think to stick
candles in our bone heads. We, for our part, promise
to jig on your mother's grave; then tiptoe over
to yours. We are that kind of people who bear
daisychains of children, or go stone barren, and laugh.
And have love-bequests for the rest of the guests, and
little else to give the many more coming from where we
have come from. At seven o'clock, then sharp on the Hour
at The Bar. Ah no..... No, we have changed our mind.
We will stay down here on the road, in the night
whose colour your heart is and slowly, slowly, with time
in hand and the moon in our eye, slowly, slowly prance like
clowns, bushes, children, flourish, and turn into dance.

WINTER

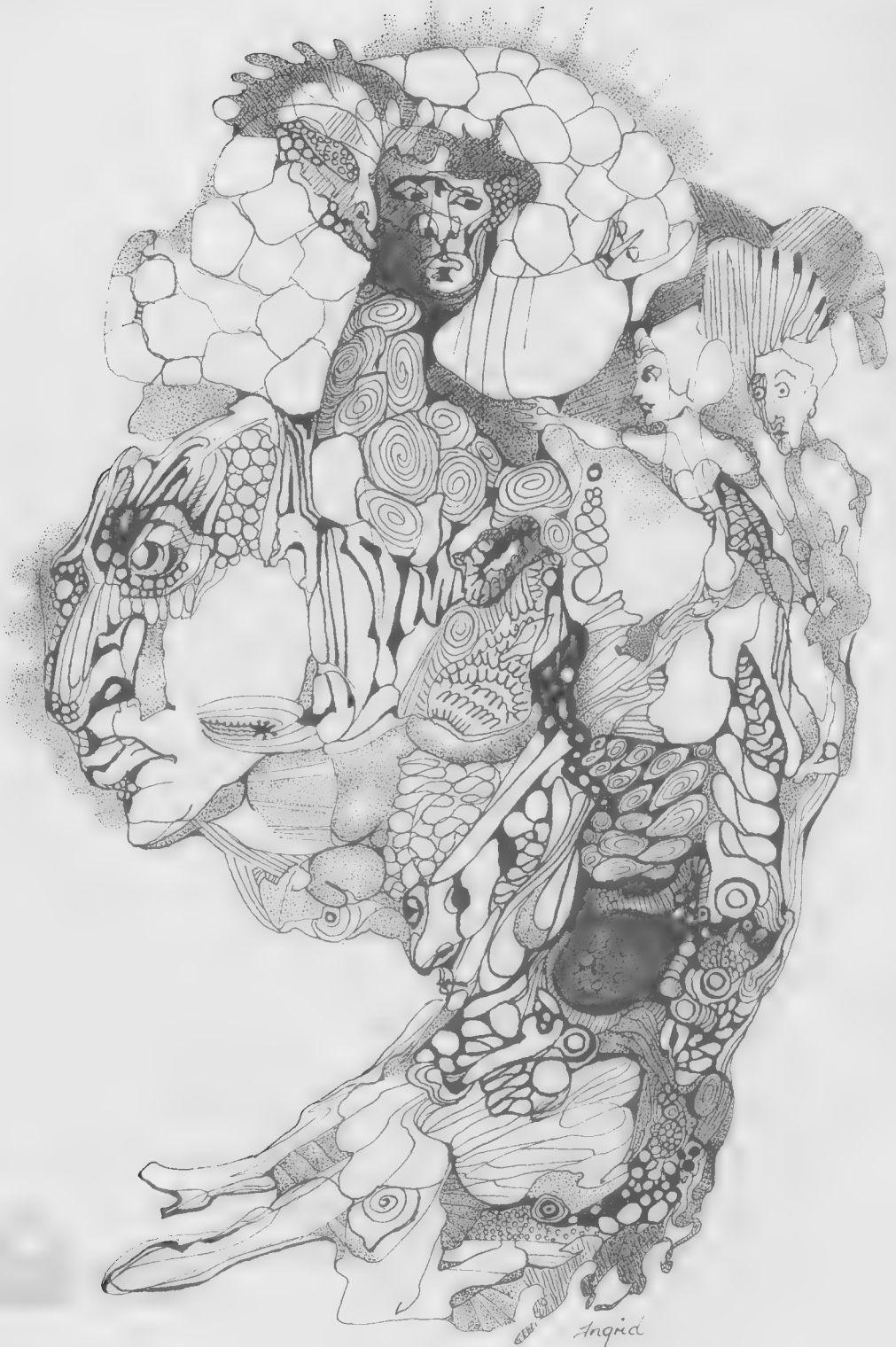
An alabaster sun at evening and the next morning snow.
There is scant order to the air, day and night being
out of balance. At the table behind the window a bottle
the summers fruity wine gathering dust. By the wine
a woman sits thinking of winter. There is wine to clear
the throat. One chokes on being so very much inside.
Suppose day fell like snow falls, dusted the page, the eyes,
then sleep would be come like the fall of night, mercifully
quick. Outside, in a world quite at one with itself,
snow falls. She examines her pear-brown stomach, thinks
minute-by-minute of a month-by-month paling, and draws
the stopper from the bottle and the wine pours white as
the window into a clear glass. She thinks of music, of how
the head of the conductor, the arms of the pianist made
colours which moved to replace the silence which is white.
And then, even long after, there is more silence, there are
different colours. It is in music that the very air
is ordered. On the window is the quilting silkiness of snow.
There is the coming-to-night and the f-f-f-f, the sssh,
the whisking snow, the music of endless sheets and silence
being drawn up over the lovers' bodies. It would snow
in the morning, too; and the woman's white wrap heaped
in winter light on a wood floor, the wineglass empty by the window.

ONE PAINTING OF THE SEA

The painter knows to identify the obvious, cop on his beat. There is confusion: desire is a glitter on his shoulder, the sun going down always for the last time, where did it go? Desire is a parrot there, cerulean, say, and ochre, just yellow and blue, the shoreline and the sky, beach and water? The sea pounding the beat, me and thee, me and thee, interminably, why? The colour of the sea is pewter, the colour of the sea is arsenic because milk curls off the near shore, curling me, silent arms on silent knees. There is blue in the very veins. In a cold sea the hand turns blue in so much colour. Hands' fingers play the fingers of hair: whatever moves the sea moves me. A gull sweeps round in a wheel, tight with grace. There are 1000 paintings of the sea, and not one of them right. And curlews, pipers, gulls, even the raven in the eggstudded kingdom where I, for heaven, wear this wingless body where something wears out, spreading syrupy magenta, syrupy crimson, syrupy black, black. Flatblack. The hand curls queerly, the mind is a darkblue claw. Between index and the ring finger, the stars hang like eggs, the moon is an egg. Goosebumps feather on my back, I am walking with wings folded across my back, gathering speed, fast, fast, running, moon is delicious, full, intense, edible, something for the painter to fly at, to mould, know, paint in a painting tight with grace.

HOLY EVE

Not just the photograph, but the fullness of the past
coming to pair with you in all the walls you've walked
the finite gardens to avoid: so, here, in this one,
within the elfin grin, a daddy's laugh, the children lurk
the more the more the teeth show in mouths drawn back
for ecstasy. Aren't these kids...dazzling? O how nonsensically
easy to stick you into holes before growing fades and curls you
up in books in granny's attics, before you enter anything
the system of naming's for. This shot, for example, the lady
leans so often in the waiting room, attendant. And the lawn
in the foreground, moving out of greenness into snow. The young
son trudging dutifully out to shovel sludge in a night under
moon, the mother's eye. When the work is done, one imagines
crudely blocked angels blessing the lists of snowflakes
and the boy carving ornate defences against the beasts in shadow
moving in the shades while someone holds the hand still
and takes the picture, compounding the romance. O and mummy
is an angel, too, a damsel worrying the huge night with
a flutter of silks and that elfin grin, a mummy's laugh.
Not just the past, but the present coming to pair with you
in all the walls you've walked the finite gardens to avoid.



FRED HERSCOVITCH

AGATE

By circuitous routes
the agate condenses in itself a galaxy.
And in these few spirals are the colours of an autumn forest,
wisps of burning leaves,
smoke,
retiring mists,
vagabond ethers,
and the summit of a misty mountain.

STEPPING OUTSIDE ON AN AUTUMN DAY

Stepping outside on an Autumn day
I am wrapped in a cold wind,
And there is something in that wind,
That twists my heart.
For want of a better name I call it nostalgia.
But it evokes only the mildest drift of this sentiment.
There is something in that air,
There is something in that wind,
Which is whispering Eternity,
And as I pace along the sidewalk
Wondering what this primal secret may be,
I feel a sad discontent
As of a love affair with the Gods which was never destined,
And promised all this what more can I do
But continue my earthly ride?



BARRY KATZ

CROSSING THIS VERY STREET

what if i woke up and
my hair falling
i went outside and
began to rain, and
what if i crossed this
very street
that car might hit me
what if all this and,
going up escalator
my pants got caught and
floor to which i
went to ground
right under me, and

all i could do is wiggle sceptical fingers
one on each, and

all but what if;

IN THE EARLY MORNING RAIN

simple summer:

moist wind lick up
green back slope
damp soil grips
hairy needle pine
a quill shiver
open leaf glands
moss brown scent
deep root embrace
as enchanting drops from
caressed cloud kiss
mist over
lake face
shores swell in
ripples across smooth
soft orifice, come
warm sky
sleepy earth.

STAND OFF TILL LATER

The whole world seems
so much our time
consumed by
possibility
change disrupts mind yet
wrapped in their rationale
'life is fate'
these cherry-eyed misters
stand
accusing poets -
'the leeching heratics'
for not knowing where
words could be better
and why there is no
profit from their state.

BREAKFAST TIME NAP

seeds of unborn berry still
spot my teeth
i eat egg every morning
raw
unhatched chicken
whole
in my stomach
and (honestly
i wonder) if
all this just is
as it is
really
i sterile
non creative in any
pro ductive sense
scientific grave robbing, or population control ...
necessities' nature, or nature's necessity. . ?
(no one knows for sure) (actually),
how wide the _____
is;
loittering echo swallowing
silence
is there not ..
good and
or evil ..
to sanction such acts ..?
(or) OR is this an entirely different case of
feathers to lay my head in ...
and nap

FINDING MY WAY

tied brown hair in a
nautalus sweep
tight ended in a
samuri knot
slope brow over
stream smooth face
glancing reflection, captured

butterfly seeking shade
sun gathers moment smile
almost, self
aware of the warmth
velvet long lines tense your neck, i

in nothing but the creases you try
so, to hide
some
in the lap of time, will
cut from you these
long, thin wrist shadows
but who will be, to
unpurse these lips that
push away dreams and
hold you firm to this ground;

FILLING HOLES WITH POETRY

waiting for the holes to grow out of
my nails
soft as the skin their attached to
bitten
as an excuse i would wait, sometime
waiting for this
or that, but always
(as if i were afraid)
not sure they could see
someone always waiving GIVE ME!
GIVE ME!

too often
feeling my hands filled with
statements
flat, paved horizontal to the way
that when the last one
spills from me
there are question imagined answers
which, even they cannot ask
nor such fact or
too, that they can see;



Angrid

DIANE KEATING

THE GREEN HAT GANG

We keep
our minds
off our troubles
by makin
plenty o' trouble
plenty o' trouble
fo' th' Green Hat Gang

A 300 pound
32 year old
mother of 2
died after
4 months
of constant pain
following an operation
to reduce
her weight
by severing
20 feet
20 feet
of small intestine

PARADISE BEACH HOTEL
the liveliest
on the whole
magic island..
where fun people come
fun people

. . .

. . .

The chief surgeon
who has performed
obesity surgery
75 times
(once for a CBC
documentary)
admitted
committing
technical errors
technical errors
technical errors
in 3 of his 5
patients
who died

More than half
the residents
of London's
West End
(entertainment area)
sleep nude
according
to the survey
by a quilt
manufacturer

Marilyn Monroe
sleeps
in a tennessee pink
tennessee pink
marble crypt
at Westwood Memorial Park
and every other day
a florist replaces
six red roses
in a waist high vase
on the order of
Joe DiMaggio
the second
of her three husbands

. . .

. . .

Creative
neutrality
creative neutrality
is the best
foreign policy

Broke and unemployed
they were forced
to leave the body
of their 6 week old
son
in the city morgue
for a week
and since then
have lost
their small apartment
and all their furniture
"For 2 years
I was on welfare
and then I finally
got a job.
When my son died
I called my boss
and said
'look my kid
is dead
I can't make It'
and they fired me"

Smile!
God loves you
Good news Recordings
Dial 237-4692

Father Weber
Roman Catholic Priest
dressed in medieval
white tights and

. . .

. . .

leather doublet,
his bearded face
painted like a clown,
eats fire
eats fire from a long stick
to attract attention
to his one man
street theatre
which tells
of simple things
like love
generosity
human kindness

Brain damaged
deaf mute
physically deformed
Patrick is kept under
constant sedation
to lessen his
aggressiveness
self-mutilation
biting scratching

RANGERS EDGE WINGS
BRUINS HUMILIATE KINGS

In speaking of
his 16-month-old son
he said
"Johnny knows
what I mean
and understands
when I say
come here.
If he doesn't come
immediately

. . .

. . .

I go and give him
a gentle tug
on the ear
to remind him."
In the hospital
it was found
that Johnny's ear
was lacerated
and partially
torn away
from his head

So if
there is any
cultural insight
into what
it means
to be
a parent
it appears
to be
learning how
to be
kinder
and more easy going
with children
as well as
being
more sensitive
and understanding
of their
needs and drives

Yesterday
police were called
to a locked barn
by neighbors
who complained
of a foul odor.

. . .

. . .

Inside were
100 farm animals
(horses ponies pigs
cows sheep lambs
ducks roosters
chickens pigeons
and a bull)
all dying or dead
from malnutrition
The surviving
were so hungry
that some
were feeding
on the bodies
of the dead lambs.
Meanwhile
the owner of the barn
has been identified
He runs a pet shop

A horse grazes
peacefully
atop one of
Ireland's
many green hills,
silhouetted
against
an almost cloudless sky
almost cloudless
almost
all

The year of the rat!
800 million Chinese

Watch Gordon
Gordon Wong
and learn
a few secrets

. . .

. . .

of real
real Chinese
cooking.
He's the owner
of the Aero
Restaurant and Tavern
Many
of the regulars
are cabinet ministers
who sometimes escape
escape constituents
by eating
in a private
room in the basement.
The menu
if ordered in advance:
duck's paws
(deboned feet
stuffed with shrimp)
quail's eggs
lobster
(electric lights
in eyes)
chinese pudding
(shape of rabbit)

Something good
is going to happen
to you.
Oral Roberts
Easter TV special
a musical drama
in color starring
Jane Powell and Peter Graves
and the World Action Singers

We keep our minds
off our troubles
by makin
plenty o' trouble
fo' th' Green Hat Gang
Green Hat Gang

ODE TO JOHN

June the godly month

when the caterpillar

rolls up in a cocoon

emerging

a monarch butterfly

or a moth

or a salamander

June the godly month
when seeds of some trouble
linger under the ground
and putty fills the horizon
smoothing sky into earth
until the bulging green
erupts into the skin tight blue
to spawn a golden son
who falls into the noon
shadow where he crawls
becoming the spermfed
green he is devouring so
to be safe from carnal eyes
until gluttoned, then sealing
his ponderous body in the dark
tight tomb of his secretion
He rises to soar in the thick
stillness of gathering clouds
- a gust of winged orange that
rocks the sprouted seed - or
He rises to burn fluttering
sacrificed to a 100 watt idol
on a bottomless October night or
He rises to be the fire

IN A ROOM FACING SHERBROOKE STREET

I lie naked
pressed to the bare floor
by your body dying
after its final thirst

We are still
so still
extinct for 1000 years
organic remains
buried in air

with the ears of an earthworm
I listen to
the steady whir
tunneling through shadows
until light pierces the room
like pain from a cigarette burn
and glides into silence

only to strike again
yet again
in flashing cadence

a sound and light spectacle in the roman forum

it rolls over
brick wallpaper
picking out the mutilated
shrines and relics below
(marble corners
queen anne leg
laquered stump of door)

half submerged
in this rubble strewn valley
I wait discovery
the unchaste Vestal virgin
trapped in orgasm



Inspired

TOM KONYVES

some have said
that cats walk in your eyes, no

that panther babes have suckled at your breast

some have said
that your tongue is balm for every wound
your tips electric, cooling fires

but I know you best
and once
through your eyes
I saw a rainbow spread
between the candles of my eyes
and as I leaned closer to you my love
I saw you melt my form
till I became a living glass
and you, my love, the earth

FIRST POEM OF THE WITNESS

When I dream of the Red Sea
I see one man come haltingly forth,
limping in a dream of life.

When I dream of the Red Sea miracle
I see the lights of heaven blink, then scream
the scream of birth and death.

Now the scream is but a song
A song of songs stuck madly together, each a scream
defying time, but one will always reach the core
though muted by the shrill applause.
I come to bring a song of songs,
a cheer to cheering, a curse to satire -

may all who say the opposite live there in all their glory.

A dream divides the soul in two, like Red Sea burning
singing silence in images.

Now and then the crow of morning rises in the light,
and now and then a fish jumps, breathing
another nature's sweetest spice.

I claim all the thunder in the heated brain,
the fairest dove in heart's dark cells
the deepest earth that belly holds
the youngest seal the fingers touch,
the sharpest air that cuts the lung's free wings,
the brightest sun the eye can see,
all the clothes for being man,

when shadows sway the yearning souls, whose pride
is on their shoes,
clicking away at the concrete like some leftover clock.

When I saw this limping man, I cried

. . .
"Sure I see a perfect man, who feels a loss
and prays for us! Then is the Red Sea sea or land,
to waft or cleave, which truth is which?

My Red Sea divides my soul in two,
from there to a desert rich in gems, America or Troy?"

The star that guides, a watchman quick
to blink at time, when time is due. I laugh
and walk by carrying a token of his stingy mind.

Once it was a penny change
to flip and see both sides at once, but now become
an itchy ape, who craves identity.

* * *

What a land, America!

The individual is the sum of the masses. And he rises
like a shark, with horns on his backside -

a satire.

Symbol is lost on this people who believe in TV
I yearn for the pupil of their eyes when I'm sad.

Poetry is lost on this people who believe in logic.
Beauty is lost on this people who believe in images.
Love is lost on this people who believe in endless torture.
Freedom is lost on this people who believe in money.

Truth is lost on this people who believe in time.
Peace is lost on this people who believe in advantage.
Society is lost on this people who believe in cities.
Future is lost on this people who believe in blindness.
Miracle is lost on this people who believe in chance.

Sympathy is lost on this people who believe in tragedy.
Understanding is lost on this people who believe in police.
Wisdom is lost on this people who believe in lusting.

What a land, America!

PETER MADDEN

TAKING A CHANCE

Frankie sat on the front porch, hoping his cheque would come in the mail. He already had the sixty dollars spent in his mind - - - twenty for rent, twenty for food, a pair of new shoes for little Jamie, three-for-a-dollar stockings for Rita, and a few bucks for beer and cigarettes.

Frankie watched the mailman round the corner, restraining an urge to run up to him. Crossing the lawn, the mailman smiled as he handed Frankie the brown envelope. The smile irked him. He didn't know how to take it. Was it a pitying smile? Or a sneering one? Nah, he thought, probably just an ordinary everyday hello-saying smile. Nevertheless, Frankie fought off an urge to run after the man and scream out that he used to make a hundred and fifty cool ones every week - - until he got laid off.

Instead, Frankie dug his hands into his pockets and walked to the corner bank. Inside he gritted his teeth when the teller asked him for identification and re-endorsement. He thought he could detect that old we-know-what-you-do look.

Outside, he had a mad desire to spit on the money, rip it into shreds, scatter it on the pavement, piss on it, and tell them all to shove their precious fucking ass-wiping pieces of paper.

He didn't. He counted it, caressed it, and folded it gently into his shirt pocket. Feeling the need for a smoke he crossed the street to Lou's Cigar Store.

Fat Lou looked up from his Racing Form. "What's happenin' Frankie boy?"

"Pt-tuii!" spat Frankie. "What ever happens? Gimme some smokes."

Lou reached down Frankie's brand and rang up the sale. "Nice bet for the double today. You goin' down?"

"Nah," growled Frankie, taking his change.

"Piper Boy should be a cinch in the first," called Lou.

. . .

. . .

Frankie returned to the house. He started in; then changed his mind and sat on the steps. Fifty-nine and change, he thought, fingering the bills. Maybe he could risk ten at the races. Nah, better not. But, what the hell, he thought, it's just gonna go anyway. Yes or no, he debated. Okay, I'll risk twelve bucks -- two to get in and ten to bet. He placed the twelve in one pocket and the rest in another and went to the bus stop.

At the track, Frankie bought a Racing Form. He ripped it open and glanced at the entries for the first race. There were twelve. A quick study of their past performances allowed him to eliminate nine in his own mind. Clear Sail, Piper Boy, and Magnanimus remained. Frankie studied the form, pacing beneath the grandstand, the betting wickets in sight. The announcer warned that there was only three minutes to post time and Frankie ran to the two-dollar line, the three names galloping through his mind. The nearer the wicket he got, the tenser he became. The man in front called out his number and left. Frankie faced the ticket seller. He forgot the numbers, panicked momentarily; then glanced at his form. "Number three," he called. The number of Clear Sail.

Ticket in hand, Frankie returned to his pacing. He leaned against the wall opposite the wickets, thinking he wouldn't watch the race in case it brought him bad luck.

The bell rang. The announcer cried, "They're off!" Frankie clutched his ticket and waited breathlessly for his horse to be called. At first call Clear Sail was eighth. Frankie closed his eyes. The next call had Clear Sail fifth and moving fast. Frankie ran to the swinging doors and out to the railing. Clear Sail moved up to be fourth. Frankie began to beat his form against his leg, urging horse and rider home. The horses thundered out of the turn and down the stretch for the wire. Clear Sail was now second, moving up fast. Midway through the stretch Piper Boy came alongside. Frankie lept up and down screaming to the jockey on Clear Sail to keep him moving. Clear Sail was on top. Now Piper Boy. Now Clear Sail coming back again. Yards from the finish Piper Boy lunged ahead.

. . .

. . .

Frankie clung to his ticket, watching the tote board and hoping that what he'd seen hadn't been real, or that there would be a claim of foul. There wasn't. When the numbers flashed up on the board, Piper Boy was the winner, and Clear Sail second.

Oh, well, thought Frankie, dropping his ticket, it's only two bucks. He went back beneath the grandstand and sat on one of the benches to study his form again. With less than a minute to post, he was undecided between Agape and Rosetree. He debated not betting the race, thought it was probably a good idea, and then, at the last moment rushed to the wicket and bet four dollars on Rosetree at five to one.

This time, he watched the horses enter the starting gate. The bell rang. The horses bolted out. Rosetree raced to the front smartly and opened up five or six lengths on the rest of the field. She looked like an easy winner. But midway down the backstretch she tired. One horse passed her, then another. At the finish she was last. Frank spat and flung his tickets to the ground.

In the third race, Frankie thought he'd be cautious and bet to show. Surely, he thought, he could pick one to finish in the first three. He bet and ran to watch the race. His show-horse jogged behind the field from the start. Frankie waited for it to make its big move in the stretch. It didn't, and Frankie's ten dollars was gone.

Time to quit and go home, he thought, heading for the exit. He walked past the exit once, returned and walked past it again. He looked at his form, then at the horses in the fourth race. He hated himself and the horses for losing, and now all he could think about was making that one bet that would get him even. Could he though? Could he afford it?

Frankie bet in the fourth, lost four bucks. He had to try and get that back on the fifth. He was sweating now. His gut was raw and hungry, but he couldn't waste any of his betting money on food.

Frankie bet eight dollars. He lost it. He bet sixteen and lost that too. Although the whole scene was familiar to him, the immediate time and place and people seemed unreal. It wasn't

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. . .

really happening, only one of those little incidents he had lived through before. He tried to convince himself that his cheque hadn't arrived, that he hadn't cashed it, that he was, in reality, still back on his front porch. It didn't work.

Frankie glanced at his form. He couldn't make any sense of it. He closed his eyes and picked the next horse by stabbing with his finger. Even that didn't work.

With the last race of the day about to be run, Frankie had two dollars left. His whole cheque gone, he felt like curling up on the track and letting the horses grind him into the earth. He took the bill from his pocket and kissed it for luck. He threw his form away and looked up at the odds board. One of the eight horses was sixty to one. Frankie bet, knowing in his mind that he'd just thrown away his last two bucks. But, there was always a chance!

Frankie took the bus to the poolroom. He waited there until everyone else took off for the hotel, and there was nothing for him to do but go home.

Rita met him at the top of the stairs with little Jamie in her arms. "Hi Frankie, did your cheque come today?"

"Nah," said Frankie.

"What're we gonna eat tonight?"

Frankie passed her on his way to the bedroom. "How'm I supposed to know."

BOB Mc GEE

1.

I picture a mountain beneath you
change w/ every glance, creeks wash down
& fold stone; each heartbeat swallowed
by granite, creased sky or any tree
you manage to walk by.
dawn: a box of how i feel delivered
on yr doorstep
low sun makes its shadow long.
between sunrise & th low crystal
hum of valley where darkness is done
you sing; i listen w/ foot tap & wide eye
tired, having all night tried touching
yr shadow, its breath cast &
scattered w/ stars.

17.

This valley so still
i wonder as i squat fr a shit,whether
even in their hugeness these peaks
won't shatter & crumble in the tremor
th turd makes hitting th ground.

bare branches rake th sky of clouds.
wind pulls th clothesline still closer
& puts my red flannel shirt on; th sleeves

fit so well,i make a gift of it
& wear a blue one fr th day.
th sky(wch it matches)approves &
holds 2 crows
who are th quotation marks
when i call yr name out.

18.

Up th same vast bowl hollow,where
admiring itself th sky is parallel
to a cool cerulean pool,mirrored
on a slope's edge th creek's fracture drains
sweat & azure fm thin upper reaches of air.

spiders sit beside rocks in cracks
like delivery bicycles on side streets
black,secretive,hiding fm sun.

around a steep face of shale,a pass
another valley opens fm,2 goats
turn & watch me like you do;
losing white fur to ash where cliffs
bend to a ply & afford snow
to low veins th wet meadows hold.

21.

Spring, my bones spill sighs & th grove
i'm in trembles w/ sun. i decree
a new arithmetic by wch all i see
is multiplied by itself & i hold
square roots of valleys in my hands.
an endless geometry of ranges unfolds
as i climb in a season i've caught up w/,
9000ft up leo's bulge; as round clouds
drift low over an expanding circumfrence
of peaks, evading th radar of governments & bats.
all this somehow circles th sun, this
keeping me here in mountains
& you in summer, there beside a lake
& this is reason enough.



ANNE McLEAN

THE END

& if by the end of it
you find out
that the men you loved didnt love you at all
that the ones you thought about donating your heart to
were either scared of you, or just disinterested,
& maybe thats what you loved about them all along:
not them really, but the cruelty of that
situation
(while finding out now,
that the strings stretch and snap,
you can walk out of the spiderweb,
they dont have anything on you,
& there are better things to go hunting at night)

so if they ask about the painting
you can say:

"you just kinda play with it
with your eyes,
because culture you know,
or language or ideas
have to do with nature
and should arise from it.
just as the way you'd speak about yourself
or go passing yourself off to people
or vegetable and animal folk
must depend on an elemental
conception or crystalinity
native to the very heart
and emanating from it."

. . .

. . .

yes and culture
you see
should come from a more animal world,
either directly
or by some roundybout artistic stunt.
leastways by now it seems
that the body is the source
(and nothing could surprise me
less
in the end
than that some next man
waits
in the wings
with a woman's face)

PLANT LIFE IN HARD TIMES, 2

His perfect eyes
draw away other eyes.
their shape defines the path
of all deflections.
his game
is small terrors.
he plays with hypnotism.

You know him by his bone ridges,
spinal imprint, empty spaces.
his tongue tastes of bark.
his eyes change to leaves
as you sleep.

I have cataracts like prisms.
I make my last stands
at random.
each pose crumbles,
ladders fold.
our eyes fall
in disarray.

power.

anyone can see who has it and who doesn't.

power is a fluid, like gasoline, a fuel,

it runs among the grains of photograph faces,
surfacing

in the eyes, and circulating like a lost colour
under the skin.

in this family portrait, taken in 1910,
my father is the little boy in the righthand corner
with the frightened or guilty look.

. . .

my father painted

this painting of his father

hat held out over the ottawa river

in an awkward farmer's salute. his face is

blurred. a frail grey sandpiper

appears in the riverbank weeds, strolling among
the blue- and green-grey and yellow boomlogs, pulplogs,
chunks and lumps of quartz and granite.

my father is about as big as those spruce trees
behind him. he died twenty-five years ago.

julia, his wife, died in nineteen fifty-nine.

of her seven children, five are still alive.

for many years, they all lived

in the town of cobden,

on the shore of muskrat lake, not far

from the township of westmeath,

where they had lived originally.

(some of the mcleans

lived down in the glen.

they were called

the mcleans-of-the-glen).

my grandmother never liked my father

as much as her second son,

and preferred her sons to her daughters.

as well, she never liked me.

. . .

. . .

in their presbyterian house
in the village
there was no dancing
or cardplahing allowed.

(corn and oat fields in the valley
lie between the ribs of rock hills,
cracked green boulders by treeroots
in thistle pastures.
sometimes it is hard to see
who is alive and who is dead.

they say I am energetic
like my mother
and critical like my father.
but my mother is crippled,
has crippled herself with arthritis,
used to tell me:
"I have arthritis
because my mother had arthritis."

at night I would have pains
quite often
in the bones of my legs,
two years ago
before I left home.)

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. . .

you should be conscious
of which stones, pieces of wood, you pick up.
not all are the same
in their appearance and effect.

(my father, who can hear
harmonics, hidden sounds in music,
can smell imperceptibly rotting things at long distances,
knows his way through the forest,
has cloudy gray rings around his irises,
has nothing to say to his wife and children.
"people are animals" he once complained,
and reads history books, and keeps his life
a sealed mystery.
he wants to go back and hunt
deer and ducks on the ottawa river.
my mother remarks that she
is waiting to die.)

and I live by coincidence,
and mistrust all connections
not purely accidental.

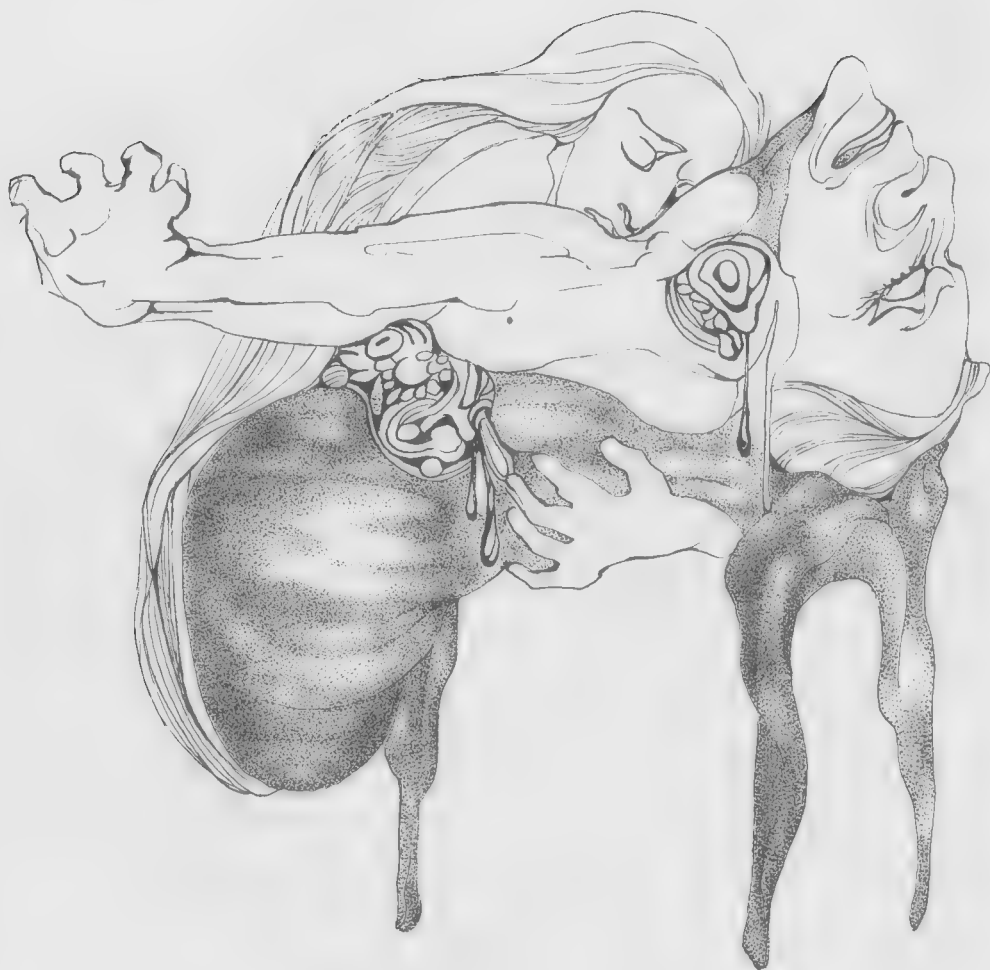
ELLIE DONT CRY FOR CRAZY LOUIE

ellie dont
cry
for crazy louie
 (with the
methedream tunnels
or the waves in
 his voice . . .)

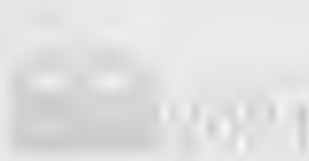
cause
 louies drawing
wolf faces
 on
valeries litho
graf of the
 minotaur

and

the wolf
has a big
 big
smile
on his
teeth



Angrid



ROBERT MORRISON

A DAY ON SOMEONE'S ISLAND

Discovery

Someone has built an island somewhere. The island is crafted in the shape of a shoe - low at one end, high at the other. The someone has also placed a man on the island. He is alone and sits on the beach. The man's eyes are running, a result of the salt air he thinks. The man notes that a swarm of flies has gathered on the horizon - he thinks perhaps it's a storm. He discovers the kit-bag on his back, opens it, takes out the toothbrush and polishes his teeth.

Morning

The man locates a tent, one with canvas that has rotted through. He determines this to be a result of the island's salt air. Here, he finds as well, the beans that have been prepared for breakfast. Consequently, he shaves, combs his hair, and puts on a tie. He decides the time has come to explore the hill. He sets the alarm clock. The man follows the seashore to the foot of the hill. Here, he spies a small crab scuttling between the rocks. He steps on it. The man becomes aware that a cave has been hollowed near the top of the hill. He scampers to the entrance. Inside the man notes that beads of moisture dribble down the walls. He is satisfied. Consequently, he rumages in his kit-bag, extracts a brush, and cleans his shoes. He sees that the laces are worn.

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Noon

The man is frantic. He has lost his toothbrush. He spies the lookout above the cave, and scuttles the last few feet up the hill to reach it. Sure enough, the toothbrush is lying on a large flat rock. He remembers to look for shoelaces, and finds a pair of flying goggles. These keep the salt from his eyes. The man scans the horizon, but can see only the swelling cloud of flies. He decides it is time to return to his cave for lunch. He checks the clock. Then he removes his kit-bag, extracts two brushes - one for his teeth, one for his shoes.

Afternoon

The man is huddled in a corner of his cave, watching the rain. The someone has hung a canvas curtain across the entrance. This keeps out the water. The man thinks he recognizes the cloth of his old tent. He has not as yet begun to examine the back of the cave. There is a deep pit there, cut into the floor. Whisperings begin to come from the pit. The man hears and concludes it is time to explore. He checks the clock. He picks up the flashlight and walks to the back of the cave. The whisperings grow louder, become a buzz. The man concludes that he has stumbled on a hive of bees. He soon discovers the true source of the noise - water rising in the pit. A result of the storm he thinks. The water continues to rise until it covers the floor ankle deep. The man realizes the time has come for him to adjourn to the lookout. He checks the clock. He then opens his kit-bag, removes a comb, and tidies his hair.

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Evening

The man sits on the lookout rock. He has discovered that there was no storm. He had mistaken the cloud of flies for rain. The goggles as well have begun to chafe behind his ears. He removes them, preferring to blink out the salt. The man takes out his kit-bag, extracts a knife, and scrapes the mud from his shoes. He notices a small crab scuttling by his feet. He steps on it. Next, his teeth are brushed, his hair is combed, he ties the new shoelaces into his boots. He waits patiently for the expected supper. Unfortunately, the man falls asleep. The someone then switches the island for a rowboat, placing the man inside, without oars. The someone now departs. The alarm clock is set to wake the man. He will find that nothing remains, except himself, the alarm clock, the ocean, the rowboat, and the cloud of flies gathered on the horizon.

BOW AND ARROW

Imagine for a moment
that two identical hills stand near each other
on an open infinite plain.

On top of one hill is a giant bow.
On top of the other hill is a giant arrow.
The arrow is poised, the bow is taut.

When the sun reaches its apex
it splits into two equal parts.
Each part moves down the sky in opposition
such that the shadows of the bow and arrow
begin to move toward each other across the plain.

When the moment in time and space is achieved
when the shadow of the arrow is poised on the shadow of the bow
when the system is charged and ready for direction

who is capable of releasing the tension?
who is capable of hitting the target
of the ever fleeing horizon?

BREATH AND MATTER

There are air currents in this room.

Imagine - your stomach rolls a little
releases a bubble of gas
that trickles up your gullet
and bursts outside your mouth.

Imagine it as pipe smoke
caught in the stream of air
see it swept to the ceiling
curled and carried out the window
diffusing for a hoard of alien lungs.

Down in the labyrinth of intestine
sense the mutterings of bacteria
the preparations of gas and matter
the fodder destined for fish.

There is fear in a current of air.
There is fear in the gurgle of matter.

Outside - run the race track of breath
and recall the story of the neurotic man
who kept his excrement in glass jars.

THE ARMCHAIR DOCTOR

The living room armchair
had been female
for about sixteen months -
a two inch vaginal split
having appeared in the seam
that runs between the front legs.
The above analogy
had only occurred to me
after much contemplation
and had led me to conclude
that an armchair had a right
to be healthily neuter.
The living room was then fantasized
into a John Hopkins O. R.
and finding needle and thread
I at once operated.
I soon discovered
that masculine fingers
were not well adapted
to household sex changes.
First the needle needed thread.
I assured myself that the thread
was well salivated -
virtually dripping in fact -
then unsuccessfully pressed the soggy end
several times against the eye.
It finally slithered through.
With immense satisfaction
I began to sew together
the two edges of the seam -
pearl stitching.

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My reverie was interrupted
on the third stitch
when the thread broke
and I followed up
by poking the needle
into my left forefinger.
The doctor image
was beginning to disintegrate.
I extricated needle from forefinger,
set the doctor image aside,
and imagined myself instead
as a knight stitching up
his lady's vagina
before leaving on a crusade.
I then pearl stitched
the seam successfully shut.
Several frayed ends of material
still pointed into the air,
these I circumsized with scissors.
This analogy brought the doctor back.
It was also at this moment
that I discovered
I'd used black thread
to repair a beige chair.
Cosmetic surgery
would later be required.
At that point
I finally asked myself
just what the hell I was doing
at seven o'clock Sunday morning
pretending to be a doctor,
stitching black thread
into a beige armchair -
the very same chair
in which my wife
sat last night
admitting adultery.

SHARON NELSON
(FROM) A BROKEN VESSEL

SUBWAY FANTASY

The child would have been three September
and his father will be dead a year October.
I was always an autumn person.

In the dream
there is a long staircase,
perhaps it is Yeats' staircase
to the terrace of the universe. I run
through narrow mountains clutching
a black bundle. Velveteen folds scratch my breasts.

It is a moonless night and no one follows.
The hounds sniff my footprints.
Far behind me I hear
the yelps of prodded animals
enamoured of blood.

The feeling of flight:
these are endless mountains,
slag heaps of skeletons,
and something in the velveteen is alive,
demands birthing
into open air and chill mirth,
and my heavy breasts grow heavier with milk,
my weighted arms pull, tense,
in the caverns of velvet
claws a mewling mouth.

. . .

. . .

The night is so black and toothless
even my breasts will not fill
its empty yearning,
stalk of some giant ant, perverse beetle,
torturing the silence,
gnawing at moonlessness,
embittering air.

The wind
carries me
on black wings, soft velvet,
towards a haven:
clutter of checkered tablecloths, cheap ash trays,
cognac in the afternoon with coffee
and blown water caressing, eating at placid love.

The child would have been three September
and reaching safety,
I stoop on the slag heap,
unfold the velvet,
take my breasts from their bloused pockets,
examine the foetus.

THE SISTERS

They close about me
like stubborn wombs
stretching medusa locks:

we will protect
we will protect

the machine-gun-staccato
of chastising voices
repeating a catechism:

we love
we love
only want
what's good for you

I am the object
in this love affair

their seaweed ropes
slacken near my body
ready to tense
at the least betrayal:

good for you
good for you
good for you

soggy echoes
from the rock-bottom
protection mechanism:

we will
save you
save you
save you

cloying sweetness
dumb eyes of pain
express everything to create
a confusion of guilts

They dance their innocent dances
do not understand
do not care to understand
the miserliness of love which binds:
you
belong to us
are of us
body and blood

I crack
like a ludicrous whip
snap and strain
twist against
ownership
chatteldom
balk
at tenderness
sway, dizzy, in the water
amniotic fluid
I wade in knee-deep

the kelp and tide
embrace me with aluminum arms
that bend and sway

• • •

. . .

forces of nature
perverted:

come
back to us
back to us
back to us

My bronchial tubes
are raw with the effort at air
plugs of love like mucous clog
my membranes:

you will be barren
deservedly barren
if you don't
listen to us

Curses fall
on my unborn sons
shudder of flesh
with unhuman cold
ghosts of six generations
murdered in russia
for the sins of god
gather about me
in thin cold air
to reiterate the promise:

you must
live for us
live for us
live for us

. . .

cut down in youth
judges and dancers
poets and magicians
all called
ready
well-trained
gunmen
henchmen
of the living
paraded like statistics (dates and days and days)
into my hours
deep
where the shivering starts
shaking
with boredom:

live for us
live for us
live for us

ELIZABETH OWENS

MISTRUSTING THE MOTIVE

Lace
or a snowflake magnified
or a silver spider web
or a mandala of ice
this glass
cracked from center
by rock or by bullet.
I'm reminded

of the shattered windows
of childhood
my fascination with pain
my flirtation with truth
Is that what brings me here
with this stone
in my hand?

I can shatter you
with razor ease
and as soundlessly
the rock
lies heavy
in my hand
it is a power
that comes unbidden
this stone
that sleeps
in the curve of my palm
whose silence is never broken

. . .

. . .

who remains composed
even in flight
even on impact
it is the glass that breaks
it is the sound of glass breaking
that I cannot resist
the way that glass breaks
silence
when it is broken
by a silent bullet of stone

a face shatters.
I know you
as I have feared to be known
and I cannot deny this compulsion
the weight of rock
presses into my palm.



GLEN SIEBRASSE
FROM JERUSALEM

1.

Each leaf is like its tree
 shaped & shaping
each stone contains the earth
each dog, his master
and the master is all slaves & stones
even the smallest pebble grinds within his eye.

We contain all images of fields
each grain of pollen teetering on a lip
and the deer that swims
between a mouse's pirouettes
which are the circles of a hawk in sky
who is all particles of air
and the rivers in the sea

we contain all moments of the past
and the knowledge that is burned
in the sculpture of the towns
we are the books amnesia denies
whose words are carved in parliaments
and armies leaking home

we live inside the brick
of tenements that swelled before we came
which ring forever with our bones
whose straw is grass
that hides a mouse the hawk will never find

. . .

. . .

we contain all pictures of ourselves
the boxer shrunk against the bell
the man who floats in sunlight
we are each hatred
and every joy sprung to leaf
our sister's head is in the oven
each baby's curls glisten with our love
we number every flower
all things possess us
we possess all things

each leaf defines its tree
each hand the music of our hours
- are understood in fever
and wither in the snow
/we contain the past & past to be
: are witness to the winter
and the spirals in our cells
we are the doll that flutters
against a frozen arm
as the world drives without affection
we drift without volition in our turn

whose turn is more than doll
and future-past of dream
/to face the hills and kiss
the arm that will not move again
we battle storm yet
are the wash of mindless wave on rock
which multiplied our stream
/beyond the forms of ape & fish
a single hand may cut the cord
to drive the hills forever from our sight
and burn affection in the mind so
to nest within the child
and rising, live
in flowering ways.

. . .

2.

The tree that scrubs beneath my hand
is motion | not design
/its bulk shall twist no season
or snap the hum that shelters
in the mouth of caves.
Its heat must burn with autumn
though I take each leaf and plant it
against the rock of spring.

The man who plants a tree
must notch the stem upon his wrist
until autumn burns each tendon
/between
two bodies grind on common stone
join are lost
the singing face
blown clean.

A swimmer drifts within the pulse
whose ear is distant
from people marching in the rain
to tunes they never made
and here disown
/drifts but does not drown
thrown on a beach
does not call out for water
: melting through the sand
returns to tide & sea.

Iron face and swimmer hold their ground
 forever
we thrust the swimmer out to sea
who rises in our dream
to begin the howl again
/each unknown to the other
swimmer unknown to the end
when death will blow upon a man
black & horseless in the air.

. . .

Planting of a seed and the laying out of men
mingle in their shape & reach
: drive the swimmer out to sea

tree and tide are motion
- the clacking of the birds
that rise before each tide
and settle on a dune
where the ocean cannot come.
We are also motion tree and clacking bird
who hold within our terror
the shank & whip of water. Waves

swing in their orbit between the stones of men
grinding to a purse of sand
the iron face that is an end before
our death begins.

Still as rowboats on the shore
people stir against the clang
of ice & engine circling round

swimmer drifting in the cave
that is outside all motion
,pulses in the brain of drowning men
to snap the hum, bar the mouth
: raise us in the sea.

We are not the animal our fathers knew
who lived as tubers in the ground
and our children stained with world
shall know us not at all.

Tools that joined their flickering hands
:houses, chickens, ploughs
baked to Sunday bread
loved and were loved
now assume their place.

. . .

. . .

Engine twice devised
becomes an altar of delight
and turns upon the man whose hands are full
of myths that swell between himself
and the stranger in the hall.
Tools that fed our fathers' lives
now bind us in a trance bread
upon the cheek
holds the hand away.

We turn from living to the cave
whose dream of jacks & dolls
flickers on a wall
/rocking on our knees shape a thumb for breast
nor rise
or now repeat our love
the tools we made assume our place.

Our children as the children of the storm
shall win the tool that wins them in its turn
until cataracts of oil and blood
become a substance human and refined.
Our children shall know us not at all
nor walk in roads that we have made
metal of their skins shall melt
the eye that bubbles in our face
/each to his place the world absorbs its dead
and leaves a bone behind.

Alders buzz on heads of land
water burns the earth
root to tide
so then as it was when we began

body sings and falls away

fly is silent in the hand

hand tinkles and the bell -

-cheek rises in the wave.

. . .

. . .

4.

Each shelf of ocean is a river
fingering the land
each layer is light
: a stone plunging through its skin.
The eyes that twist away
are never burned by colour
nor cheek rise from beneath the sea.

All men are dumb
their pictures ground in rivers
that butt against the rock & weed
/burst like a spout from the tangled water
to break against a leaf & air.

The rainbow ground to water
swallows itself and begins again
as in this devouring
we thrust against an iron cheek
/the gods who pucker
in our sleep rise
and stagger in the air
to drown again
a brief delight of passion
and decline.

Water is never man honed
to the needle of desire
/we cannot grasp the shore
when gods are distant as the howl
of men who strangle on their lives
eyes flooding with relief.

Between the man and god
a picture spins, whose light
reflects from legs maddened by the sea
- nor can the light be whole
a tunnel through which we run
emerging as cities in the air.

. . .

. . .

We are picture and the picture is our god
which painted draws away
from union & delight
until the thing we worship is not the heat we know
: all we have lies sleeping in the wave.

Each to his own the fool designs his end
an echo follows in his place
but the dumb desert their dead
shall rise as plumes
nor fall nor stoop
gods to men.

Worship is the briefest heat it warms
as candle against the sweat of love
/burst from the hand
its arc distills our longing & regret.

Begin
our mouth is casting its bell of hours
a god of greater fictions shall raise us from our sea
: tool to hand this to cheek
the whole that will not end
wick of union

the city of ourselves.



EDWARD SHALIT

IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

Kneeling motionless
who knows how long
there in the college chapel;
who knows what his eyes are contemplating
beyond the icons and the altar.
And as he kneels there motionless,
his eyes so far beyond the pews and walls,
the sunlight,
pouring down through stained glass windows,
casts an aura on his blond, dishevelled hair.

Young Parsifal.
There, in the chapel,
he looks beyond
the pale mirror of the sun.



RICHARD SOMMER

A PLACE BY THE SEA

The thighs of the bees are empty.
It has rained a whole cold month.
Big red hands of maple leaves
fall in slow helpless gestures.

The ocean brims to this eyelid
with rumours of shrouded eagles,
the dreamt thud of giant cedars
shuffling out of the fog.

Big spiders straddle the house,
warming their bellies at the fire.
Rain puts down its legs far out
under a taut abdomen of cloud.

Hugeness and the sea mesh and blur.
Ferns feel our walls, delicately
and incessantly, for openings.
There is no more room for thought.

SYCAMORE

Your fingertips burst into leaf,
your eyes rinse shadows from the wall

(at the white gate to India,
galaxies of leaf-shadows swarm the wall

(at the red gate to Jerusalem,
the dead, irreversible, chatter
about the pinpointing flies

(at the green gate, the sperm of a star
shudders in oval ponds, unfolding
a body, a rippled skin of horses

(at the black gate, a rattle of barbed feet.

HER NAME ESCAPES

A long green tunnelled perspective,
an alley, wistful for Versailles,
of railings and the grey hide of elms
and the crenelations of a porch --

a blue roof here, a red beyond,
a sparrow ramping on the edge
almost as though ready for flight,
the maple contriving up a wall,

a brick wall, all horrid in red brick
(to imitate the lover's heart)
with a window fixed within its side,

therein hanging a brace of eyes, blue,
perched in a wire cage of face.

WALKING IN THE FOREST

Walking in the forest: watching the spring clear.

Walking in the forest: just a thin membrane around you.

Walking in the forest: your blood pulses among the trees.

Walking in the forest: self, insect, self, insect.

Walking in the forest: the earth has wrinkles and hair.

Walking in the forest: lost, your way through the woods.

Walking in the forest: found, a way into the woods.

Walking in the forest: a way in the woods.

Walking in the forest: a way.

Walking in the forest: walking in the forest.

OVAL PORTRAIT

He has a blue-denim mind.
The railings of his back porch
are the beached teeth of whales.
The backs of his hands are oak bark
and his fingernails grey moons.
His hair is a thin canopy of leaves,
the palms of his hands open hard,
his skin has covered everyone,
his adam's apple hints of old regret,
his eyes are opaque and compassionate,
his genitals a cannibal lineage.

His mouth is full of fathers,
and some of the elementary joys.

SHAFT OF LIGHT

Gold bar. Daylight. Rests on the coffee table.
Its upper end tilts against the window.

It is transparent. You can see objects,
mugs and saucers, a blue pot, four books.

They are imbedded in the end of the bar.
They float without a jar. When it first poured in,

they must have tried to swim. It melted
around them and squeezed discovery into all pores.

How long ago? Long ago. Burning,
did they struggle long? No.

HAIKU

Blackberry juice sticks your hand with mine.

The road cools under a cloud.

Sun.

Blackberry juice sticks your hand with mine.

The road cools under a cloud.

Sun.

Blackberry juice sticks your hand with mine.

Sun.

The road cools under a cloud.

Blackberry juice sticks your hand with mine.

Sun.

The road cools under a cloud.

Blackberry juice sticks your hand with mine.

LECTURE

What most fascinated Coleridge,
a few of his predecessors,
many of his contemporaries
(would it be less pretentious
to say "friends"? It would
be untrue to say it
without making the sound
of quotation marks)

and some
of his most subsequent critics--
what most, I say,
fascinated Coleridge

was not the form
of the poem as given
by imitated nature,
nor by the audience's demands
nor the pressures of Tradition--

the form was none of these--

but the form of the work
as it emerged from the poet's mind
or emerged in the reader's mind.

When you get down to it,
it was the form of the mind
reflected and distorted
(as mountains and clouds
shatter and come together in waves)
in the poem's cold pool of words

that really fascinated Coleridge.

Some of these poems will appear in The Blue Sky Notebook,
in dual English/French editions forthcoming from Delta.

Continued from back cover.

PETER MADDEN Ex To. thug in Montreal shaking penman's cramps.

BOB MCGEE Has appeared in and has edited The Ste. Catherine Street Good, A magazine of poetry produced by the Poetry Workshop at Mosaic the experimental school at Dawson College. 36 Sonnets will be appearing shortly. (Dawson Press)

ANNE McLEAN 1951 - 20?? born. acculturated. schooled. alienated. politicized. disappointed. became poetic - disappeared. /Montreal.

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ELIZABETH OWENS Born 1942 part wolf, deer, cat, tree, seahorse and you. Home - the California Coast. Living now in Montreal.

GLEN SIEBRASSE Editor of Delta. 3 books, the latest Jerusalem. Forthcoming: Free Poet # 3, "Radicalizing The Middle".

RICHARD SOMMER Lives, teaches, and writes poems in Montreal. Beyond these facts, your guess is just as good as his.

CONTRIBUTORS

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MICHAEL HARRIS Runs the Poetry Workshop at Mosaic, at Dawson College. 27 years old. Has appeared in various literary magazines, periodicals and has now published Poems From Ritual and Text For Nausika (Delta). The poems here are from 100 Extended Sonnets, at present a work-in-progress.

FRED HERSCOVITCH - from The Nameless "Wisdom is not contagious - but at least it is transferable."

BARRY KATZ born 1950 northern hemisphere brown curly sunblond hair transparent eyes fair - 36/30/32 - of a midlincase america not at all by accident ... and ... sometimes ... and ...

DIANE KEATING I write because I must. My poetry is more real than I am.

TOM KONEVES Born July 13, 1947. Teaches Literature. Presently completing first major work entitled Book Of The Witness - a collection of symbolic poems.